THE DOCTOR

AND

THE APOTHECARY.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

IN

TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXXVIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THOMASO,	MR. PARSONS.
STURMWALD,	MR. DODD.
CARLOS,	MR. KELLY.
JUAN,	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
GUZMAN,	MR. SEDGWICK.
DR. BILIOSO,	MR. SUETT.
PEREZ,	MR. BURTON.
ANNA,	MRS. CROUCH.
ISABELLA,	MISS ROMANZINI.
THERESA,	MRS. BOOTH.

[The lines with inverted commas are omitted in the repreſentation.]

THE DOCTOR

AND

THE APOTHECARY.

ACT I.

The outside of Thomaso's house—a view of distant hills, with the sun setting behind them.

STURMWALD, GUZMAN, ANNA, ISABELLA, *and* THERESA.

TRIO.—ANNA, ISABELLA, *and* GUZMAN.

NOW the sun so faintly glancing
O'er the western hills his ray;
Ev'ning shadows quick advancing,
Triumph o'er the fading day.

ANNA *and* ISABELLA.

DUET.

Timorous love, at day affrighted,
Blushing courts the silver moon;

STURMWALD.

"Bacchus' sons are now delighted,
"Night's the jolly fellow's noon."

TRIO.

Ev'ning thus our joys uniting,
To her power due homage pay.
Mirth, to dance and ſong inviting,
Bids us hail the cloſe of day.

Enter THOMASO.

Thomaſo. What moping yet, my friend Guzman?—For ſhame, you a ſailor, and carry ſorrow aboard! Zounds, if I had loſt a miſtreſs—nay, had it been my wife—

Thereſa. Well, Sir—

Thomaſo. I think I cou'd have comforted myſelf. Ah Captain, how far preferable are the charms of peace, and a country life, to all the buſtle and danger of a campaign!

Sturmwald. It may be ſo to you, Signor Thomaſo, who ſlumber in the inglorious lap of peace—but war is my element; glory is my miſtreſs; and I have courted her amid the cannon's thunder.

" *Thomaſo.* Many men of many minds, Captain; " for my part, I always prefered a more quiet " kind of courtſhip; but i'faith you are a man " of true gallantry to remain ſo partial to your " miſtreſs, after having loſt the uſe of a leg and " an eye in her ſervice.

" *Sturmwald.* A leg and an eye! Pſha—tri- " fles! while my honour, a ſoldier's vital ſpark,

" has

" has eſcap'd unhurt."—You may be a very good apothecary, Signor Thomaſo, and may underſtand lotions and potions—but as to a ſoldier's honor——

" *Thereſa.* Ah, very true, Captain. He is a " moſt provoking man, tho' he is my huſband. " For ſhame, after our good friend, Captain " Sturmwald, has come all the way from Ger- " many to marry our daughter Anna."

Thomaſo. Nay, I'm ſure, " the Captain " knows," I mean no harm.—Anna, come hither, child *(aſide to Anna.)* Why don't you ſmile upon your huſband that is to be?

Anna. Do not, my dear father, perſiſt in this cruel ſolicitation.

Thomaſo. (aſide to her.) Pſha! how can you be ſo obſtinate!—though the Captain is not very handſome, he is very rich. 'Tis true, he is rather old; but then you know you have the better chance of being a widow ſoon; and as to his having but one eye, it ought to be his recommendation, for you'll have no trouble in diſcovering his blind ſide.

" *Thereſa.* Lookee Anna—you know my way " of arguing, and ſo does your father. It is my " pleaſure that you marry Captain Sturmwald; " and have him you ſhall!

" *Guzman.* Have a little patience with her, " my dear madam."

Anna. Then you are reſoved to render me miſerable.

AIR. ANNA.

ON Love's bleſt altar burns the flame
Whence Hymen's torch ſhould kindle bright,
To bliſs which boaſts fair Virtue's name,
It caſts its pure and radiant light.
But ah! ſhou'd avarice interpoſe,
With ſordid and unhallow'd fires,
The proſpect which their light beſtows,
Repentance and deſpair inſpires. *Da Capo.*

(Exeunt Anna, Iſabella, and Guzman, into the houſe.

Thereſa. Anna's reluctance is certainly owing to that impertinent ſlut, her couſin. I'm ſure ſhe doet not inherit her obſtinacy from me. When my mother propoſed a huſband to me, I gave my conſent without a moment's heſitation. Didn't I, my dear?

Thomaſo. True, my love; but then I had not loſt any of my limbs in purſuit of glory, like the Captain. *(Aſide to her.*

Sturmwald. I was thinking whether I had not better talk to the young lady myſelf.

Thereſa. To be ſure—how the deuce elſe are you to gain her conſent?

Sturmwald.

Sturmwald. I'faith I will. She'll find me very entertaining.——I'll breakfaſt with her to-morrow, and give her the hiſtory of my laſt campaign. I'll come early in the morning, that I may finiſh the ſtory before dinner.

Thereſa. Ha! ha! ha! *(Exit Thereſa.*

Thomaſo. Well, Captain, now my wife is gone, I want to have a little talk with you about my new invented miraculous drops, as I call them, that cure all diſorders.

Sturmwald. Do they cure gun-ſhot wounds?

Thomaſo. Every thing.

Sturmwald. I wiſh then I had had a bottle in that engagement where I was wounded by a French dragoon in the ſhoulder—I'll tell you how it happen'd:

Thomaſo, (aſide.) Unfortunate man that I am! He'll talk like my wife.

Sturmwald. We were fording a river, and I was about the middle of the ſtream—

Thomaſo, (aſide.) He won't be out of the water this half hour.

Strumwald. A ſcoundrel French dragoon, upon a black horſe—

Thomaſo. A grey horſe.

Sturmwald. Black—black as jet.

Thomaſo. I beg your pardon, Captain, it was a grey horſe. I have heard you tell the ſtory twenty

twenty times, and you always ſaid the horſe was grey.—So much for that.—Now you muſt know my drops—

Strumwald. You have heard me tell the ſtory then?

Thomaſo. Often.—So my drops—

Sturmwald. And what d'ye think of it?

Thomaſo. One of the beſt ſtories I ever heard in my life.—So—

Sturmwald. I'm very glad you like it. I'll tell you another.

Thomaſo. Curſe his ſtories. *(Aſide.)* To-morrow, Captain, I ſhall be happy to hear it.

Strumwald. Well, if you are tir'd of my company, I'll go and get a bottle of good wine, to make me ſleep ſoundly; and ſo adieu, my dear father-in-law.

Thomaſo. Adieu, my dear ſon-in-law. *(Aſide.)* What a curſed bore he is for talking! *Exit.*

Sturmwald. A good kind of a man enough; but can't bear to hear any body talk except himſelf. *Exit.*

The ſun ſets, and Thomaſo's ſhop is lighted up.

Enter CARLOS.

AIR. CARLOS.

WHEN wilt thou ceaſe, thou pleaſing pain,
With cruel ſway to rend my heart?
Yet tho' of torment I complain,
Alas! I fear to cure the ſmart.

Enter JUAN, *with a Guittar.*

AIR. JUAN.

SIGHING never gains a maid!
I'll tell you what is better far:
Call good humour to your aid,
And play the laſs a tune upon the ſweet guittar.
If a heart has nature dealt her,
Muſic's charms will ſurely melt her;
But ſhou'd the gipſey anſwer, *No*,
Sing tol de rol, and let her go. *Da Capo.*

Carlos. (aſide.) Zounds! I ſee ſome one at the door. A rival perhaps!

(They approach, each with his hand on his ſword, till Carlos perceives it to be Juan.)

Juan!

Juan. Carlos! my dear boy, how d'ye do?

Carlos. I'm heartily glad to ſee you—no, i'faith, now I think again, I am not glad to ſee you, till I know what brought you hither!

Juan.

Juan. I was going to tell you, I have an appointment with a very pretty girl in this houſe—

" *Carlos.* Ah! my fears." (*Aſide.*

Juan. So I am ſure you will be complaiſant enough to wiſh me a good night.

Carlos. Faith I am ſorry to deny you. But I happen to have an aſſignation here myſelf. You perceive a light in that window?

Juan. That light is my ſignal.

Carlos. Egad 'tis my ſignal too! So I'm ſure you will be complaiſant enough to wiſh *me* a good night.

Juan. Sir, this inſult—

Carlos. Inſult, Sir!

(*Laying their hands on their ſwords.*

Juan. Though, now I recollect myſelf, perhaps we are going to cut throats, without any cauſe. There are *two* fair damſels in that houſe. What is the name of your miſtreſs?

Carlos. Anna, the daughter of old Thomaſo, the Apothecary;—and your miſtreſs is—

Juan. Iſabella! her laughing little couſin.

Carlos. Then I *am* glad to ſee you, after all—and yet I am an unlucky dog, Juan. They are going to marry my dear Anna, to old Sturmwald, the German Captain. I dare not acquaint my father of my paſſion for her; you know he and Thomaſo are the bittereſt enemies. The only

only reſource left is, to carry her off; and I have, for this week paſt, in vain ſought an opportunity of ſeeing her.

Juan. Oh, the devil!—old Thomaſo's man to ſhut the ſhop up. Stand aſide—

(Thomaſo's man ſhuts up the ſhop, while they talk aſide.)

Give me your hand, Carlos—you ſhall ſee Anna; ſpeak to her, and carry her off this night.

Carlos. My dear Juan, how is this to be accompliſhed?

Juan. The firſt thing is to get the old fellow out of the houſe.

Carlos. And how is that to be manag'd?

Juan. Very eaſily—as thus: I'll act an old woman, and bring him down I'll warrant you. *(Knocks.)* Say nothing, and ſtand aſide. *(Knocks louder.)*

(Thomaſo opens the window and looks out.)

Thomaſo. What the devil is all that noiſe for?

Juan. (*in a feigned voice.*) Pray, is this Signor Thomaſo's?

Thomaſo. Why, what do you want with Signor Thomaſo, good woman?

Juan. The ſick gentleman, Signor, at the next inn, is much worſe.

Thomaſo. I'm ſorry for it—I wiſh the gentleman had been much worſe an hour ago; be-

cauſe then I cou'd have attended him—but at preſent I'm going to bed.

Juan. Dear Signor, you won't leave the poor man to the mercy of an ignorant phyſician?

Thomaſo. Why, who attends him?

Juan. Dr. Bilioſo.

Thomaſo. Then I give him over. Good night to you good woman. (*Shuts the window.*

Carlos. Our plot is ruin'd.

Juan. Not yet, Carlos. (*Knocks again ſtill louder.*

Thomaſo. (*again opens the window.*) Zounds! what's the matter with the woman? Go about your buſineſs.

Juan. (*again in a female voice.*) The ſick man has heard wonders related of your famous drops, Signor.

Thomaſo. Eh! what!—Oh! ho! he has heard of my drops. Well, Madam?

Juan. And he wiſhes you would come to him directly, and bring a bottle in your pocket.

Thomaſo. Aye, that I will—poor ſoul! poor ſoul!—I'll cure him in ſpite of his Phyſician. (*Calls within.*) Hallo! Pedro! (*To Juan.*) I'll go with you, good woman, and as we walk, I'll tell you ſome of the cures I have performed.—I'll wait on you inſtantly. (*Shuts the window.*

Carlos. This is a proſperous beginning, Juan.

Juan.

Juan. Huſh, not a word—we muſt retire.

(*They retire.*

Enter THOMASO, *from the houſe.*

Thomaſo. And ſo, good woman, you ſay—Hey day, ſhe is gone! The poor gentleman's caſe is urgent, I ſuppoſe—ſo I'll loſe no time. What a pleaſure it is to attend ſenſible patients! I dare ſay he is a ſhrewd fellow, by his wiſhing to try my drops. (*Exit Thomaſo.*

Juan. Ha! ha! ha! The old fox is fairly unkennel'd.

Carlos. But how are we to get into the houſe?

Juan. The door is faſt.—Eh! i'faith this ſhutter is unbolted, (*opens part of the ſhutter*) ſo we will e'en get in at the ſhop window.

Carlos. My beſt friend!

(*Going to climb in at the windory.*

Juan. Hold! let me reconnoitre firſt. I know every part of the houſe—follow me.

Carlos. Kind Cupid light us on our way.

Juan. Pſha! Zounds! a lantern would light us much better. So rot your heroics, and follow me. (*Gets in at the window, and Carlos follows.*

Enter STURMWALD, *drunk.*

Sturmwald. Tol de rol, de rol—halt!—Stand to your arms, Captain Sturmwald. Do my eyes

deceive me, or have the enemy beſieged my father-in-law's houſe, and made a practicable breach in the ſhop window? Who the devil are they?—Thieves! No, i'faith, that can't be.—Who'd think of ſtealing any thing out of an Apothecary's ſhop? Perhaps they are gallants—have at you, my boys;—I muſt enter and defend my father-in-law. (*Going to climb in at the window, he ſtops*) but hold! a prudent general ſhould know what force he has to contend with—beſides, I forget,—old Bolus is not at home—I remember I met him juſt now—Egad I'll go and fetch him, and we'll ſurprize the enemy together. How lucky it is that I am ſober. If I had taken the other bottle, my ſenſes might have been confus'd; but now I am cool and collected. Ah! there is nothing like drinking in moderation. (*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Inſide of Thomaſo's Shop.*

Enter JUAN *and* CARLOS.

Carlos. Huſh! tread ſoftly, for your life.

Juan. Why, what are you afraid of?

Carlos. If Thomaſo ſhould return! and then perhaps——

Juan.

Juan. Perhaps what? Why, your whole converſation is compoſed of *Ifs—Buts—Perhapſes*—and *Suppoſes*—a mere vocabulary of doubts.

Carlos. Hark! I hear Anna's voice—the ſound tranſports me. Oh, Juan, I ſcarcely know where I am.

Juan. Why, then I'll tell you—This is an apothecary's ſhop; it is dark, and you are ſurrounded with phials, therefore take care you break none—Thoſe are ſtairs before us, and lead to the room where our dear girls are—I ſhall go up firſt, and you may follow, unleſs you prefer ſtaying here—I have now given you full information, and ſo come along. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a room in Thomaſo's houſe. The moon is ſeen through a window.*

ANNA *and* ISABELLA.

DUET.

Two maidens ſat complaining,
And mourn'd their hapleſs lot,
The pangs of abſence paining,
Each by her love forgot.

On every former token
Of love, while fancy hung,
Of vows ſo ſweet, yet broken,
They deeply ſighing, ſung.

" At every ſound they hear,
" With fond alarm they ſtart,
" Alternate hope and fear,
" Now joy, now pain impart."
But by each ſound miſguided,
Alas! they only find
Their tears, their ſighs derided,
By mocking rain and wind.
On every former token
Of love, &c.

Anna. Iſabella, 'tis a whole week ſince I ſaw my Carlos; how can he ſay he loves me, and yet ſuffer them to marry me to this hateful German officer?

Thereſa. (*Within.*) Anna, why don't you go to your chamber, child?

Iſabella. Heavens! your mother is not gone to bed yet.

Anna. And do you think my Carlos has really forſaken me? *My* Carlos, did I ſay—Yes, will repeat it—My heart yields to the fond elu ſion of my tongue, and I think I love him better every time I call him mine. (*Exit.*

ISABELLA *ſola.*

Poor Anna; I love her ſincerely, and yet I am not ſorry ſhe is gone—I think Juan muſt be here ſoon—and—and perhaps our converſation would be very unintereſting to her.

Re-enter

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. Oh, Iſabella, I'm frightened out of my wits. Two men have got into the houſe, " and " I think it is your lover and mine.

" *Iſabella.* Well, my dear, and what is there " ſo alarming in all that ?"

Enter CARLOS *and* JUAN.

Carlos. My dear Anna!

Anna. Ah! (*Screams.*)

Juan. My dear Iſabella!

Iſabella. Huſh! you'll wake your mother.

(*Carlos ſhews Anna a marriage contract.*

Thereſa. (*Within.*) Anna! What's the matter, child?

Iſabella. My couſin was frighten'd at ſomething, but I am ſure there was no reaſon to be afraid.

Anna. Do you know, Iſabella, this unreaſonable creature has brought me a marriage contract, and would have me ſeize this moment to elope with him.

Carlos. (*To Iſabella.*) And do you know, Madam, this unreaſonable creature heſitates, though ſhe promiſed me long ago to elope, whenever I could find an opportunity.

Juan.

Juan. Pſha! Marry firſt, and diſpute afterwards; that would be much more in the common order of things.—Come, my dear Iſabella, let us ſet them a good example;—leave diſſimulation to knaves and coquettes, and lead up the dance of Hymen as firſt couple—

Iſabella. Why, if I were ſure you wou'd never wiſh to change partners.

Carlos. Conſider, my dear Anna, the moments fly.

Iſabella. (*Peeping through the key-hole.*) I vow, your mother is not in bed yet—(*To Anna.*) Away! away inſtantly, and leave me to keep her quiet—I'll follow you directly. (*Exeunt Anna, Carlos, and Juan.*) I'll ſing, that ſhe may ſuſpect nothing.

AIR. ISABELLA.

I.

Ye hours that part my love and me,
And ſlow with envy creep,
The dawn of bliſs obſcur'd by clouds
Of doubt, in vain ye keep.
Still I through Sorrow's tedious night,
Hope's friendly ſtar diſcern:
On that I fix my anxious eye
Until my love return.

II.

By Jealouſy's pernicious power,
Untainted are my ſighs:
Confiding in my Juan's truth,
My fondeſt wiſhes riſe.

Still I thro' Sorrow's, &c.

Thomaſo. (*Without.*) Hey! Guzman! Pedro! where the devil are ye?

Re-enter CARLOS, JUAN, *and* ANNA.

Anna. Oh, Iſabella, my father is come home; all the doors are lock'd.

Carlos. And our retreat cut off.

Iſabella. Then we are all loſt.

Juan. No, faith, I'm afraid we are all found. Where can we hide ourſelves?

Iſabella. Go into our chamber.

Anna. My father is now at the chamber door.

Carlos. In here then.

(*Going into Thereſa's chamber.*

Anna. That's my mother's room.

Iſabella. We are in luck—My uncle, in his hurry to viſit his patient, has left the door of his ſtudy open—In—In—directly. (*Exit Carlos, and Juan into the cloſet.*) Here comes your father.

Enter THOMASO *and* STURMWALD.

Thomaſo. Anna! Thereſa! Iſabella! there are thieves in the houſe!

Anna. Thieves! bleſs me, Sir, what ſhall we do?

Sturmwald. Take 'em, to be ſure—Take 'em, dead or alive.

Enter THERESA.

Thereſa. What's that you ſay—Thieves in our houſe?

Thomaſo. The Captain ſaw them get in.—He'll tell you the whole ſtory.

Sturmwald. That I will, with a great deal of pleaſure. As I was coming from the tavern, where I had been drinking a glaſs in moderation, as ſober as I am now—I ſaw two men getting into my father-in-law's houſe.—What's to be done, thought I—For this was enough to ſtagger me, you may ſuppoſe—

Thomaſo. Oh! certainly, (*Aſide*) that you had enough to ſtagger you, I believe.

Thereſa. (*Taking the contract from Anna's pocket.*) Yes, and here is enough to ſtagger us all—This paper explains to me, that theſe thieves are of Cupid's gang; gentlemen who commit ſentimental robberies on the hearts of young ladies.—There, Thomaſo, read that! (*Gives the contract.*

Thomaſo. What do I ſee! a contract of marriage, between my daughter and Carlos!

Sturm-

Sturmwald. Carlos! What the devil! the enemy ſurprize us in our own camp—Egad, we'll hold a council of war immediately; I have ſomething in my head—

Thomaſo. (*Aſide.*) Yes, rather more than you ought to have.

Thereſa. I tell you, I am ſure young Carlos is in the houſe.

Sturmwald. Is he? Why then we'll break up the council.—Bella! horrida bella! is our reſolve; and ſo let us ſearch for the enemy.

(*Going to open Thereſa's chamber door.*

Thereſa. Bleſs me, Captain Sturmwald—do you know that is my chamber?

Sturmwald. Well, my dear mother-in-law—and is not a lady's chamber the moſt likely place to find a man of gallantry? However, I'll wheel to the right about, if you pleaſe.

(*Goes to Thomaſo's cloſet door.*

Thomaſo. Stop, Captain; no perſon ever enters that cloſet but myſelf—'Tis here where I compoſe my miraculous drops.

Sturmwald. Aye, aye, I underſtand you—'Tis your hocus pocus ſhop.

Thomaſo. No, Sir, 'tis my miracle ſhop.

" *Sturmwald.* Your magazine for the deſtruc-
" tive ammunition of phyſic.

" *Thomaſo.* My laboratory for the arcana of " the Materia Medica. 'Tis the Temple of " Health; and the roſy Goddeſs herſelf preſides " over my peſtle and mortar.

" *Sturmwald.* A ſmall room for the Temple " of Health, I think, and rather dark—Suppoſe, " father-in-law, inſtead of confining the poor " Goddeſs of Health to her room, you were to " let her viſit ſome of your patients."

Thomaſo. You may ſneer as you pleaſe, Captain Sturmwald; I have the key of that cloſet in my pocket, and there it ſhall remain—So let us finiſh a fooliſh adventure, by wiſhing each other a good night.

Thereſa. I ſhall take you with me, young ladies, to prevent further accidents. Captain Sturmwald, where will you ſleep?

Sturmwald. No where, Madam—I ſuſpect the enemy is in ambuſcade. I will be the centinel of the night—Reſt ſecurely, while I guard you—Here I take my poſt, and ſhall be on the watch, in caſe the enemy ſhou'd make a ſally.

Thomaſo. Well, Captain, I have no objection—Here is the key of the houſe, in caſe you chuſe to refreſh yourſelf with a walk in the morning. (*Hangs up the key.*

QUINTETT.

QUINTETT.

ANNA, ISABELLA, THERESA, STURMWALD, *and* GUZMAN.

But ſee the moon aſcending high,
Reigns the empreſs of the ſky;
And in the zenith of her power,
Preſides o'er Midnight's ſolemn hour.

THERESA.

You muſt bid adieu—*(to Anna)*
Yes, Miſs, ſo muſt you—*(to Iſabella)*

ANNA *and* ISABELLA.

Muſt we bid adieu?
Wherefore ſhould we part?
Spare my aching heart.

THOMASO.

Come let's go to bed;
Spare my aching head.

STURMWALD.

Let him go to bed;
Spare his aching head.

ALL.

Bid adieu!

(Exit Thereſa, with Anna and Iſabella.

(Exeunt Thomaſo and Guzman, at the door in the middle of the ſcene, and Sturmwald places himſelf on a couch, before Thomaſo's cloſet door.

AIR.

" AIR. STURMWALD.

" Come on, my boys, now I'm commander,
" Tho' you're as brave as Alexander.
" —Heigho! (*yawning*)
" ——You lie.
" On my guard here am I.
" I fear no ambuſh, no entrapping,
" No one ſhall catch old Sturmwald napping."

(*Falls aſleep.*

Juan and Carlos come out of the cloſet.

Carlos. Softly, ſoftly—Firſt let us ſecure the key of the ſhop door, to let ourſelves out.

(*Takes the key.*

Juan. That this old remnant of mortality ſhou'd think of rivalling a young fellow, with his five ſenſes in perfection!

Carlos. But to our plot, good Juan—our plot—We have no time to loſe.

Juan. Faith, that's very true—So in you muſt go, my old commander.

(*They wheel the couch into Thomaſo's cloſet.*

AIR. CARLOS.

Bacchus now his nap is taking;
But his pow'r can ne'er ſubdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the ſleeping ſot adieu.

Bacchus ſhou'd on Venus waiting,
Hold the cup with bended knee;
None but fools, his worth o'er-rating,
With the ſervant make too free.

(*Juan comes out of the cloſet, and brings with him Sturmwald's cloak, hat, and patch.*

DUET. CARLOS *and* JUAN.

Bacchus now his nap is taking;
But his pow'r can ne'er ſubdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the ſleeping ſot adieu.

END OF ACT I.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE. *The outſide of Dr. Bilioſo's houſe.*

Enter GUZMAN *and* PEREZ.

GUZMAN.

BUT pray, Perez, is Doctor Bilioſo inform'd of his ſon's attachment to my couſin, Anna?

Perez. Oh dear, no. My old maſter hates Signor Thomaſo to that degree, that he would rather ſee his ſon hanged than married into the family.

Guzman. Though unacquainted with poor Carlos, I ſympathize with him—had my Leonora lived—

Perez. Ah! but ſhe is gone—and your honour has been doleful and dumpiſh, as one may ſay, ever ſince you came home from ſea! Oh! I love to hear you talk of old ſtories—you make me ſo melancholy, and ſo happy, that I cry by the hour together.

Guzman. Poor fellow!

Perez. And pray good Signor Guzman, when you was voyaging about on the ſtormy main, and fighting the Algerines, was not you now and then frightened too much to think of your love?

Guzman.

Guzman. No, Perez.—True love purifies the ſoul from every baſe alloy.

AIR. GUZMAN.

I.

LET angry Ocean to the ſky,
In proud deſpite his billows roll;
Let thunders to his threats reply,
Fear is a ſtranger to my ſoul.
Within the heart which love illumes,
And bleſſes with his ſacred rays,
If meaner paſſion e'er preſumes,
It fades before the hallow'd blaze.

II.

Tho' War with ſullen aſpect low'r,
And crimſon o'er the troubled wave,
And emulate the lightning's power,
The dangers of the fight I brave.
Within the heart, &c.

(Exit.

" *Perez.* Here comes my maſter—and as " croſs as uſual."

Enter DR. BILIOSO.

Dr. Bilioſo. What a curſed neighbourhood is this for a phyſician to live in. No ſuch thing as an aſthma, or a fit of the gout, to be met with from year's end to year's end. All the villagers are ſuch a ſet of d—n'd vulgar, healthy dogs—never have the pleaſure of ſeeing a meagre, bi-

lious, gentleman-like man within ten miles of the place.—" How comfortable it would be to " live at Conſtantinople, where the plague rages " all the year."—And then people laugh more here, than in all Spain beſides.—Ah! I don't like laughing. Well, Perez—any body ill this morning?

Perez. (ſighing) No, Sir—all well.

Dr. Bilioſo. Aye—and will remain ſo as long as this plaguy fine weather laſts—no chance of another influenza.—I, who am the phyſician, am the only ſick man in the pariſh.

Perez. Yes, your worſhip ſeems ſtuck up here by way of a medical ſcarecrow, to frighten away ſickneſs.

Dr. Bilioſo. Or rather like an electrical conductor—I ſave the neighbourhood from danger, by attracting it to myſelf.—Ah! I loſt the only good patient I had, in my friend Alvarez—as fine a corpulent—inactive ſubject as a phyſician would wiſh for. What with repletion, and want of exerciſe, the good ſoul was always ailing. I had great expectations from him—but he grew ſtingy as he grew rich—avarice produced abſtinence, and he ſtarved away the only hopes I had left.

Perez. There's the traveller who was taken ill at the next inn—

Dr.

Dr. Bilioſo. Aye, the only perſon I have at preſent under my care, and he is a foreigner—no native would have behaved ſo civilly as to be taken ill—Not got well, I hope?

Perez. Yes, ſo they ſay—the apothecary, Thomaſo, was ſent for to him laſt night.

Dr. Bilioſo. What! ſend for my enemy—my antagoniſt, Thomaſo, the apothecary? A man of honour wou'd have ſooner died under his phyſician's hands, than have played him ſuch a trick.

Perez. And he took ſome of Thomaſo's quack medicine.

Dr. Bilioſo. O curſe his quack medicine—I hate all violent remedies—they make an end of a buſineſs ſo ſoon;—they either kill or cure; and then either way one loſes the patient.

Perez. And ſo Thomaſo——

Dr. Bilioſo. Oh rot him—I'll go to the raſcally quack directly; my patients are my property—and ſhall I tamely ſuffer my property to be taken from me? I'll trounce the dog. No, no, if a Doctor's patients are permitted to ſlip through his fingers, and get well by ſtealth, there's an end to all law and juſtice.

SCENE. *A room in Thomaſo's houſe.*

Enter THOMASO.

Thomaſo. Ah ha! the Captain off already—I did'n't expect he had ſhaken off the effects of laſt night's doſe quite ſo ſoon. I can hardly reconcile it to myſelf to ſacrifice poor Anna to ſuch a ſot. My conſcience revolts againſt it, and whiſpers—Aye: but then my wife talks ſo much louder than my conſcience; and ſo there's an end of the matter.

Enter JUAN (*behind*) *diſguiſed as* STURMWALD, *and* CARLOS *diſguiſed as a Notary, who liſtens at the corner of the ſcene.*

Juan. (*in a hoarſe voice*) Father-in-law, good morning to you.

Thomaſo. Eh! what! bleſs my ſoul, ſon-in-law, how do ye do? There ſeems to be a wonderful change in your voice.

Juan. All the effects of laſt night.

Thomaſo. I ſuppoſe ſo—a violent cold no doubt—my drops are remarkably good for the voice.

Juan. No, no, never mind—I'll tell you a ſtory——

Thomaſo.

Thomaſo. I'd rather you'd let it alone.—Come now—one ſpoonful will be enough.—'Tis a moſt wonderful remedy—I have it here in this cloſet.

Juan. Curſe your drops.—I am ſure the lovers of your daughter and niece are now in the houſe.

Thomaſo. Well, Captain, perhaps you know beſt—but upon my ſoul I don't believe a word of the matter. Now let me fetch a bottle of drops.

Juan. My jealouſy is alarm'd, Sir—and I muſt be your ſon-in-law this morning, or not at all—No reply! I have brought this gentleman with me; he is my notary, and has drawn up a marriage contract. So call your wife and the bride; let us ſign and ſeal, and then to church immediately.

Thomaſo. Well, but Captain—

Juan. I'm commanding officer to-day. So no more words, father-in-law. (*Exit Thomaſo.*) Ha! ha! ha! Well Carlos, how have I imitated the old German Captain?

Carlos.—To a miracle. I wiſh I may play my part half as well.

Juan. Pſha! what difficulty is there in it—the old folks will take you for the notary who has prepared the contract of marriage between Ana and Sturmwald; inſtead of that you will

ſubſtitute

ſubſtitute the other contract, in which your own name is inſerted. But here they come.

Enter THOMASO, THERESA, *and* ANNA.

Anna. No, nothing ſhall ſhake my conſtancy —every obſtacle you raiſe, ſerves but to increaſe my affection.

AIR. ANNA.

THE ſummer heats beſtowing
Their influence on the roſe,
Perfect its charms when blowing,
And every ſweet diſcloſe.
Yet ſummer ſuns denying
The zephyr and the ſhower.
Their fervid glow applying,
Deſtroy their fav'rite flower.
The love-ſick heart requiring
The ſunſhine of ſucceſs;
Continual bliſs deſiring,
Yet ſickens with exceſs.
The fond, the ſecret tear,
Soft paſſion keeps alive;
The breath of doubt and fear,
Like zephyrs bid it thrive.

Juan. Well Signor Thomaſo, have you looked over the contract?

Thomaſo. I have; and find it perfectly right.

Juan. Very well; but where's Iſabella?

Thereſa.

Thereſa. Oh, I'll call her.—Iſabella!—but I aſſure you I would not truſt her with any body elſe.

Enter ISABELLA.

Iſabella. My dear Juan, what means——

Juan. (*aſide to her.*) Huſh, my love—aſk no queſtions—perſuade Anna to ſign that paper—it is a contract of marriage between her and Carlos, who you ſee perſonates the notary.

(*Carlos offers the contract to Anna, who puts it aſide.*

" *Anna.* No, nothing ſhall induce me to ſign " this hated paper. Oh Carlos, why are you not " here to ſnatch me from impending ruin!

" *Thomaſo.* Daughter, do not oblige me to " exert my authority.

" *Thereſa.* Let her beware of my authority, " which is much greater.

Juan. " Pſha, pſha! perſuaſion is better than " authority."—Let her couſin talk to her. (*Iſabella whiſpers Anna.*) " Theſe girls know the way " to each others hearts; there—mother-in-law, " you ſee, ſhe hangs out a ſmile of truce already.

" *Thereſa.* My dear daughter, you tranſport " me."

Juan. Come ſign your conſent to the marriage.

Thereſa. Sign it—aye, that I will—Come huſband— (*Anna and Thereſa ſign the contract.*

Thomaſo. Egad, Captain, I don't underſtand that notary's whiſpering my daughter, I——

Juan.

Juan. 'Tis his way—come ſign your name.

Thomaſo. No Sir—(*to Carlos.*)—I inſiſt upon knowing what you mean?

Carlos. What I mean?

Juan. If you put him in a paſſion, take care of yourſelf; he is the moſt choleric fellow—you had better ſign at once.

AIR. CARLOS.

THIS marriage article, (*to Thomaſo.*
In ev'ry particle,
Is free from flaw, Sir;
I know what's law, Sir.
Zounds, Sir, my character none ſhall accuſe!
Behold this artifice, true love deviſing, (*to Anna, aſide.*
Your Carlos thus to all but you diſguiſing;
Witneſs—Thomaſo my ſkill dares abuſe. (*to Juan.*
My only chance, I ſee, is pique pretending; (*to Anna aſide.*
On that alone ſucceſs is now depending.
Throughout this nation, (*to Thomaſo.*
High my reputation,
For law preciſion is,
And expedition is,
In bonds, conveyances, d'ye mind,
And inſtruments of any kind.
Kind fortune ſee, at length, our prayers heeding,
Relenting, gives us promiſe of ſucceeding. (*to Anna aſide.*
In this tranſaction (*to Thomaſo.*
The law is my friend;
I'll bring my action,
Which you muſt defend.

(*Thomaſo frighten'd, ſigns the contract.*

Juan.

Juan. Come, come, now all's finiſh'd, let us away to church.

Thereſa. Well, I'll be with you in a moment. (*Exit.*

" *Carlos.* (*aſide to Juan.*) For heaven's ſake, " Juan, let us be gone. If Sturmwald ſhould " wake, we are ruin'd.

Juan. (*aloud.*) " I beg your pardon for de- " taining you."—Mr. Notary, conduct theſe ladies to my houſe, and I'll follow you immediately. *Exeunt Anna, Iſabella, and Carlos.*

Thomaſo. Stop! ſtay—What! without my wife's leave!

Sturmwald. (*in the cloſet.*) Halloo! death and fury! where am I?

Thomaſo. Eh! what's that?

Sturmwald. Thieves! thieves!

Thomaſo. I'm loſt in amazement.

Juan. Did not I tell you one of the rogues was hid there?—I'll run and fetch an Alguazil.

Thomaſo. *You* run.—Why, you forget you are lame.

Juan. (*in his natural voice*) Egad ſo I do—but I am ſo intereſted in this buſineſs.

Thomaſo. And you have recover'd your voice too.

Juan. (*reſuming his hoarſe voice.*) No, faith, I think I'm as hoarſe as ever.

Sturmwald. Thomaſo! Signor Thomaſo!

Thomaſo. 'Tis the Captain's voice. Egad I'll fetch an Alguazil myſelf, and make ſure of one of ye. (*Exit.*

Sturmwald. Signor Thomaſo!

Juan. Have a little patience. (*Aſide.*) What's to be done! If I attempt the door, I meet the Alguazil. I muſt e'en try this chamber-window.

Pulls off Sturmwald's hat, cloak, and patch; throws 'em down at the cloſet-door, and then goes into Thereſa's chamber.

Re-enter THOMASO.

Thomaſo. An Alguazil will be here preſently, and then, Mr. Scoundrel.—(*Sees the cloak and patch.*) Hey dey! what's all this? (*Takes 'em up.*)

Sturmwald. (*in the cloſet.*) Will nobody hear me!

Thomaſo. It is Sturmwald! Oh, my mind miſgives me. (*Going to the door.*)

(*He hears the noiſe of phials breaking in the cloſet, and ruſhes in.*

Re-enter THOMASO *and* STURMWALD.

Thomaſo. All my phials of drops broken! Let me tell you, Captain Sturmwald—

Sturmwald.

Sturmwald. Zounds! Sir, you ſhall tell me nothing but what I deſire to know. I ſay, Sir, how did I come in that cloſet?

Thomaſo. That's the very queſtion I want to aſk you; and, if we both aſk the ſame queſtion, how the devil are we to get an anſwer?

Sturmwald. Why, you dirty ſcrap of an Apothecary, how dare you laugh at me thus?

Thomaſo. I laugh! Look at the bottles you've broke—I believe I ſhall never laugh again.

Sturmwald. You are all in the plot—'tis a trick to abuſe me; but I'll be reveng'd. S'blood and thunder! to make a jeſt of me, who have fought in ſixteen different battles! Did you know that?—

Thomaſo. Yes, you have often told me the names of them all. But do hear me, Captain.

Sturmwald. I'll hear nothing but revenge.—To cram me up in a dark cloſet, among pickled ſnakes, and ſtuffed alligators; *me,* who have liv'd amidſt fire and ſmoke, who have fought for every Prince in Europe by turns, and always had the honour to be wounded! "Who, to this hour, "bear the trophies of war in every limb, and "rejoice in the aches, the cramps, and the "twinges of glory!"

THERESA *enters, and* THOMASO *explains to her, in dumb ſhew, what has paſſed.*

Thereſa. I am ſure, Captain, I don't wonder at your being angry with my huſband—he's a poor blundering creature, as I often tell him.

Thomaſo. Nay, the Captain knows I never mean to offend him. I've done all I can—

Thereſa. Pſha! ſo you always ſay. Go, get an Alguazil, and ſeek for the rogues that have ſtolen our two girls, do. (*Exit Thomaſo.*) Come, Captain, ſuppoſe you and I follow him. For my ſake be patient.—The brave never refuſe the requeſts of the fair.

Sturmwald. Never; and to prove it, I'll tell you a ſtory of what happen'd when I was in Germany. (*Exeunt.*

JUAN *comes ſoftly out of* THERESA'*s room in women's clothes.*

Juan. This confounded window is too cloſely barr'd even for a mouſe to creep through. However, in this diſguiſe, I think I ſhall get off undiſcovered;—or, if I ſhould be queſtioned, I'll paſs for a patient, come to aſk Thomaſo's advice.

Dr. Bilioſo.

Dr. Bilioſo. (*ſpeaking to a ſervant as he comes on.*) Don't tell me—I ſay he is at home, and I will ſee him.

Juan. Who comes here?—Dr. Bilioſo himſelf!

Enter DR. BILIOSO. (*Seeing* JUAN.)

Dr. Bilioſo. But I beg pardon; you want advice, I preſume;—let me feel your pulſe. (*Attempting to take Juan's hand.*)

Juan. (*ſtruggling.*) Zounds! I ſhall be diſcovered. (*Aſide.*) Dear Sir, pray let me alone—my nerves are ſo weak—and you agitate me ſo.—

Dr. Bilioſo. Why, really Madam, you have rather agitated me. I think I never yet met with a Lady ſo ſtrong in the arm. Pray, what is your complaint, Ma'am?

Juan. My complaint is againſt Thomaſo, who has killed a poor friend of mine.

Dr. Bilioſo. Oh, he has done worſe than that—he has taken a patient away from me, after I had given him over. So if he recovers the man, he ruins my reputation.—There's an unfeeling ſcoundrel, for you!

Juan. Ah, you and I mean the ſame perſon—the poor gentleman at the next inn.—But Thomaſo's drops have done for him—my poor friend is no more.

Dr. Bilioſo.

Dr. Bilioſo. I'm heartily glad of it—very ſorry for it, I mean. I thank you for the news, however. Now I have that rogue, Thomaſo, in my gripe.

Juan. Loſe no time, Sir, but get an officer immediately, and ſecure Thomaſo.

Dr. Bilioſo. That I will,—Aye, aye— (*Going.*)

Juan. Surely, Sir, you will have the gallantry to conduct me ſafe out of this houſe.—If I ſhould be inſulted!

Dr. Bilioſo. Inſulted! Lord, Ma'am, there's no danger of that. Nature has furniſh'd you with ſuch powers of defence; united the charms of your ſex, to the ſtrength of ours. You are a glaſs of Nature's choiceſt cordial, Madam; ſweet and ſtrong at the ſame time.

(*Exit, leading Juan off.*

SCENE *changes to a Wood, with a Village ſeen at a diſtance through the Trees.*

Enter ANNA *and* CARLOS.

Carlos. Conſider, my dear Anna, we have your father's ſignature to our contract of marriage.

Anna. But will he give his voluntary conſent, to what has been procur'd by artifice?

Carlos. Fear nothing, my dear; truſt to me.

AIR.

AIR. CARLOS.

AM I belov'd? Can you refuſe?
Alas! my heart for pity ſues.
That heart whoſe conſtancy you've known;
That heart you've fondly call'd your own.
Ev'ry moment, as it flies,
Warns us where our danger lies.
Ah! there's ruin in delay;
Lovely Anna let's away.

Enter ISABELLA.

Carlos. Well, Iſabella, any news of Juan?

Iſabella. Alas! none—Every human being that paſſed at a diſtance, did my pliant fancy conjure up into a likeneſs of Juan.

Carlos. The riſing ground, on the left hand, commands a proſpect of the road—Let me try, whether friendſhip may not ſee more clearly than love. (*Exit.*

Anna. Are not we a couple of wild girls, Iſabella?

Iſabella. Not incorrigible, my dear couſin, however; we have purſued a very effectual mode of taming ourſelves, by getting married.

Anna. To be ſure, we have utter'd the fatal, *Yes.*

Iſabella. The fatal, *Yes.* Why, my dear, do you think our lovers are ſuch fools, as to think the

the better, or the worſe of our affection for them, becauſe we have ſaid, *Yes.*

AIR. ISABELLA.

How miſtaken is the lover,
Who on words builds hopes of bliſs!
And fondly thinks we love diſcover,
If perchance we anſwer, *Yes.*
Prompted often by diſcretion,
Is the ſeeming kind expreſſion,
When the tongue, the heart belying,
Dares not venture on denying;
But in ſpite of diſcontent,
Gives the ſemblage of conſent.
How miſtaken, &c.

Ah! how vain is art's profeſſion,
Tho' the fault'ring tongue comply!
What avails the cold confeſſion,
If th' averted eyes deny!

Happier far the experienc'd ſwain,
Knows he triumph muſt attain,
When in vain ſucceſsleſs trial,
Language gives the faint denial;
While the eyes betray the fiction,
In delightful contradiction;
And the cheeks with bluſhes glow,
And the tongue ſtill faulters, *No.*
How miſtaken, &c.

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. Here is Juan—So all we have to do, is to mount our horſes and gallop off.

Enter

Enter JUAN.

Juan. Hold! you're miſtaken—You've ſomething elſe to do, I aſſure you. We have certainly been traced from the village—Doctor Bilioſo, and Signor Thomaſo, are both coming up the hill, different ways, and will moſt likely meet at this ſpot.—But they are here.

(*Anna, Iſabella, Carlos, and Juan, retire up the ſtage.*

Enter Dr. BILIOSO *and* THOMASO, *meeting—Each with an Alguazil.*

Dr. Bilioſo. Oh! you vile quack! Where's my patient?

Thomaſo. Where is my daughter, you old rogue —" You have aſſiſted your ſon to run away with " her—Lay hold of him, Alguazil.

" *Dr. Bilioſo.* What! Why, I brought an " officer to ſeize you. Here, do your duty.

(*To the Alguazil.*"

Juan. (*coming forward.*) Dear gentlemen, what's the matter?

Dr. Bilioſo. Why, Sir, that fellow is a quack, and has killed one of my patients.

Thomaſo. That's impoſſible; for though he calls himſelf a phyſician, he has no patients to kill.

Dr. Bilioſo. What! Do you forget the poor gentleman at the inn?

Thomaſo. Well, he was fair game—You had given him over.

Dr. Bilioſo. Zounds, Sir, what does that ſignify—I have given over fifty people in my time, who have recovered afterwards.

Juan. (*aſide.*) My plot has taken, I perceive—they believe him dead yet.—(*To Thomaſo.*) I'faith, this is a ſerious affair. You had better compound this buſineſs.

Thomaſo. He won't agree to it—He hates me ſo.

Juan. (*aſide to Thomaſo.*) Let me talk to him. (*Aſide to Dr. Bilioſo.*) Sir, when I ſee ſo valuable a life as your's in danger—

Dr. Bilioſo. My life in danger!

Juan. From that bloody minded apothecary—I find, your ſon has eloped with his daughter, and he is reſolved to be revenged, by aſſaſſinating you and your whole family. See, how he looks at you!

Dr. Bilioſo. Ratſbane and arſenic in his countenance!

Juan. (*aſide to Thomaſo.*) "Did you ever ſee "ſuch a determin'd dog." He is reſolved to hang you!

Thomaſo. I dare ſay he has the rope in his pocket. Pray, mollify him.

Dr.

Dr. Bilioſo. (*aſide to Juan.*] I'faith, I don't half like him—Tell him, I'll forgive him.

Juan. Diſmiſs your Alguazils. (*Exit Alguazils.*) You bind yourſelves to ſtand by my determination.

Dr. and Thomaſo. We do.

Juan. Then, I believe, all parties are ſatisfied. Appear, appear!

ANNA, CARLOS, *and* ISABELLA, *come forward.*

Anna. My dear father!

Thomaſo. Zounds, what is all this!

Enter THERESA, STURMWALD, *and* GUZMAN.

Sturmwald. A general muſter of the whole corps, egad; deſerters and all. You are my priſoner, Madam. (*To Anna.*

Carlos. No, Sir, not while I can defend her.

Anna. (*to Sturmwald.*) Oh, Sir! hear me—the brave are ever generous; do not attempt a life ſo dear to me——

Sturmwald. Bullets and gunpowder! why don't you love me then—I thought you told me, mother-in-law, it was all maiden coyneſs in her.

Thereſa. Stuff and nonſenſe—Take her, Captain Sturmwald, ſhe is your's—Defend your honour.

Sturmwald. And that my honor may be worth defending, I'll take care it ſhall not be tarniſhed

by

by an unjuſt action.—Anna, your mother ſays you are mine.—If ſo, I diſpoſe of what is mine —thus:— (*giving her hand to Carlos.*) Come, come, we have by miſtake oppoſed the union of hearts on their march to form a junction, and we are defeated. So much the better—who wou'd wiſh to conquer in a bad cauſe? You muſt conſent to unite theſe turtles. (*to Thomaſo.*

Thoamſo. Has my wife any objection?

Thereſa. I'll have nothing to do with it—ſo act as you pleaſe.

Thomaſo. Why then give me your hand, Doctor (*to Dr. Bilioſo*) and here's an end of old quarrels.—Take my daughter, young man, (*to Carlos*) and you take my niece (*to Juan*); and you (*to Sturmwald*) take my wife if you will. Egad, I am in ſuch a good humour, I cou'd give away any thing.

FINALE.

'TIS joy inſpires the vocal lay,
And animates the choral ſong;
Of love we ſing the gentle ſway!
May conſtancy the theme prolong.
Old Time, with joys unceaſing,
Shall add to Hymen's ſtore;
Our friendſhip ſtill encreaſing,
When youth ſhall be no more.

THE END.